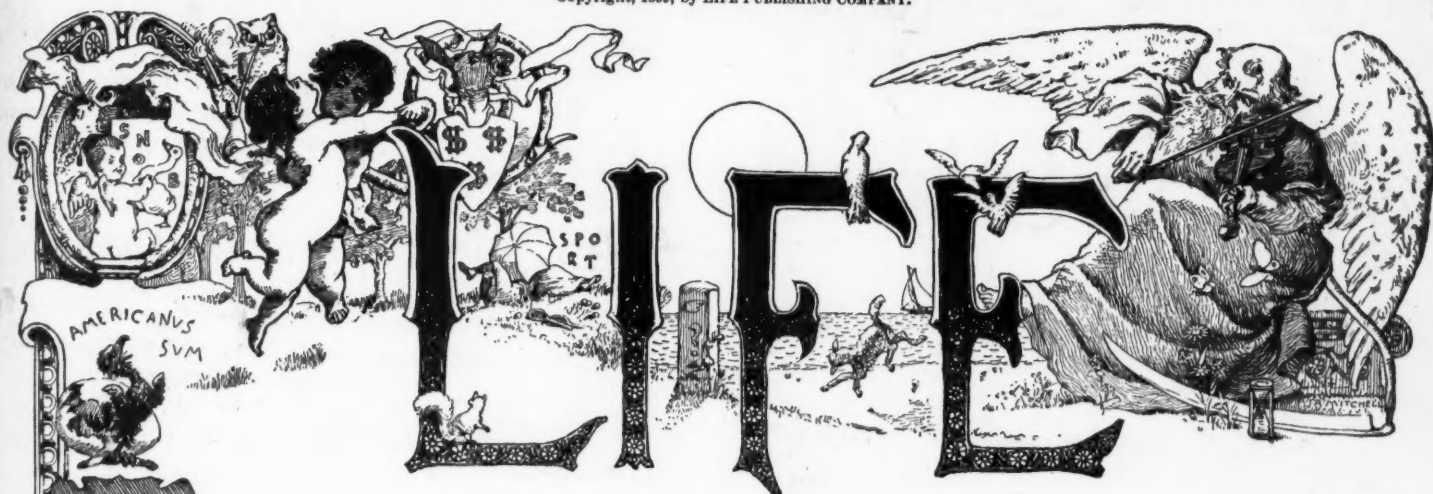


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WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN
IF ALFONSO XIII. WERE BORN OF OTHER PARENTS.

· LIFE ·

A FOOT BALL CALENDAR.

By PAUL P. GOOLD.



Paul P. Goold

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·LIFE·

A Sky Fancy.

BY JENNIE BETTS HARTSWICK.

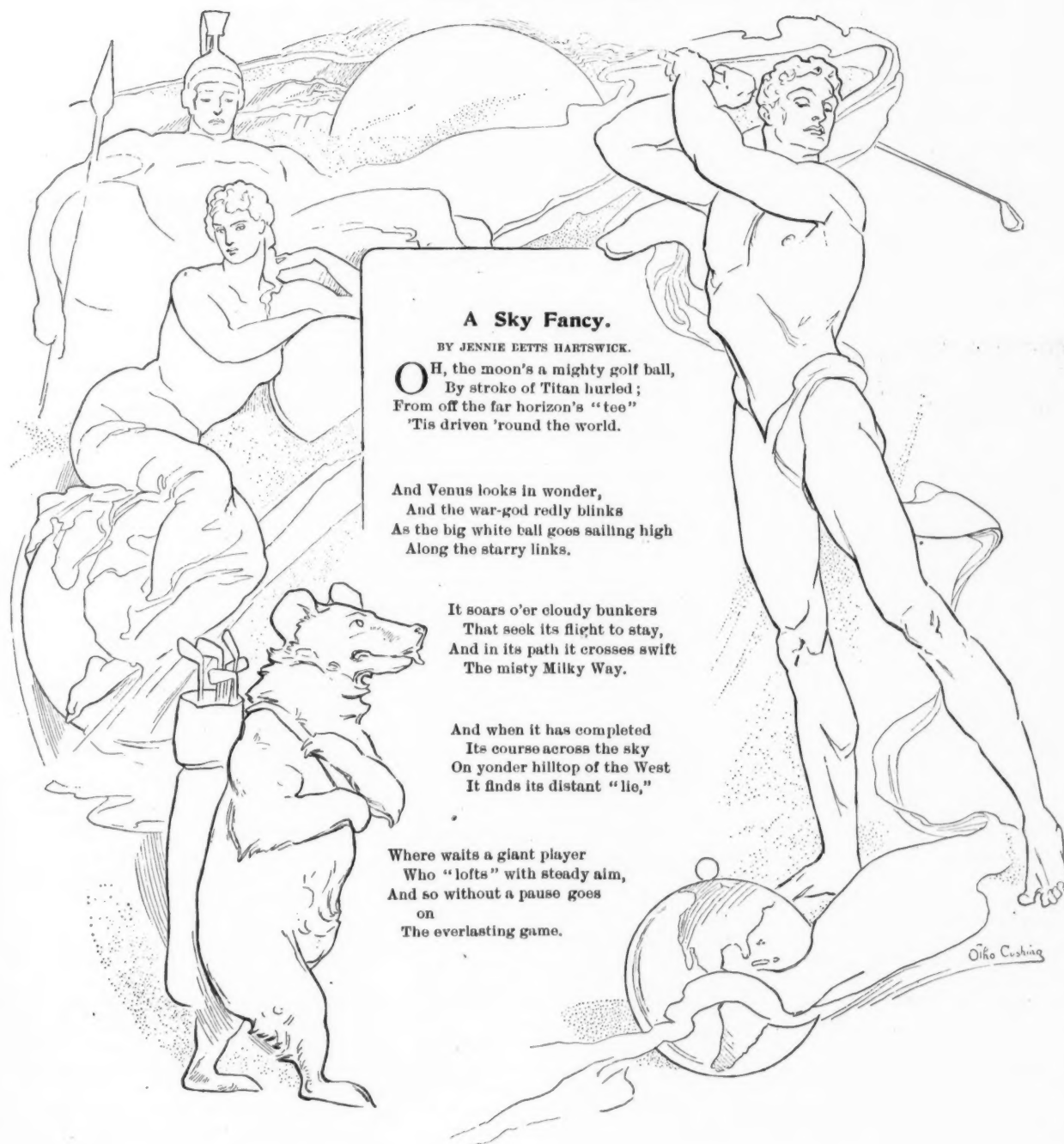
O H, the moon's a mighty golf ball,
By stroke of Titan hurled;
From off the far horizon's "tee"
'Tis driven 'round the world.

And Venus looks in wonder,
And the war-god redly blinks
As the big white ball goes sailing high
Along the starry links.

It soars o'er cloudy bunkers
That seek its flight to stay,
And in its path it crosses swift
The misty Milky Way.

And when it has completed
Its course across the sky
On yonder hilltop of the West
It finds its distant "lie,"

Where waits a giant player
Who "lofts" with steady aim,
And so without a pause goes
on
The everlasting game.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

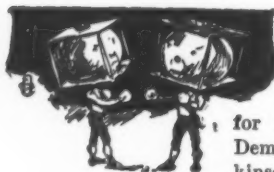
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AGUINALDO'S recent proclamation calling on the Tagals to pray for the success of the Democrats and Mr. Atkinson in the American fall elections indicates hopes on his part that are hardly well founded. What Mr. Atkinson might do for him cannot be known, for Mr. Atkinson is not coming into power. The Democrats are not coming into power either at present, but if they were, it would hardly do Aguinaldo much good. His pretensions to be the natural and fit ruler of the Filipinos are pretty thoroughly discredited. If he could have managed to wait until the American policy was settled and then co-operate with the American commander, no doubt he could have made himself useful. But, as it is, his bolt is shot. The only Philippine questions that are left now are questions of detail and ultimate purpose. Undoubtedly the United States will control the islands for an indefinite time to come, and will try to develop the capacity of the Filipinos for local self-government. We are going deep into the missionary business in the far East, and we will not get out in a hurry. The most the Democrats could do, if they got into office on an anti-imperialist platform, would be to make the same promises to the Filipinos that have been made to the Cubans. Practically that would not signify a great deal, for the Filipinos in the end are likely to fare as well at our hands as the Cubans do, whether we make new promises to them or not.

What we all must hope for in the Philippines now is the restoration of peace and order.



ONE of the good works that is going on in our country is the extension of rural free delivery. It means carrying the farmer's mail to him instead of letting it lie in the post office until he finds time to come after it. Experiment with it began in 1896, when an appropriation of forty thousand dollars made possible the establishment of forty-four routes. They worked so well that three hundred thousand dollars have been appropriated for the present year, and three hundred and eighty-three routes are working in forty States. Some of these routes have already paid cost of service and shown a profit. All of them lead to an increase of postal business, which tends rapidly to make them self-supporting. Other results of the experiment which Assistant Postmaster-General Heath speaks of in a recent report, are the increased value of farm lands, the improvement of country roads, better prices for farm products (because the farmer gets prompter notice of the state of the market) and the relief of the monotony of farm life.

The true way to live in the country is to have plenty of horses and hired men, and send over to the village for the mail at least twice a day, but that presupposes conditions which even dollar wheat and abundant harvests have not yet enabled all our farmers to command. Imagine how much it helps to make life interesting to them and their wives and children to have a postman come once a day with the daily paper and whatever other periodical literature the farmer takes in! Here is an enormous business which is going to be profitable to every one concerned in it; to the Government and the farmer first, and after them to publishers, merchants and the rest of the community. Its extension must necessarily be gradual, but the results of the experiment, so far as tried, warrant pushing it just as fast as the Post Office Department can handle the work. There must be five thousand country districts that are as fit to support free delivery as the three hundred and eighty-three districts which have it now. The five million dollars or less that it will cost to

establish five thousand more routes is a bagatelle compared with the benefits of the investment.

This rural free delivery is an admirable scheme. It is hereby respectfully commended to the favorable attention of Congress.



THOSE are harsh remarks about weddings that Bishop Doane has been making at the annual Episcopal Diocesan Convention at Albany. Speaking of marriage and the need of protecting it, he calls for more solemnity in the solemnization of matrimony. The sentiments of the prayer-book seem to him not at all in keeping with "the excitements and extravagances that precede weddings, the crowds of irreverent spectators that profane the house of God with display, gossip and curiosity, and the violence which exposes to notoriety the man and woman who have a right to timely privacy and peace."

There is some giddiness about weddings to be sure, though it will not seem to all persons so reprehensible as it does to the Bishop. But for all the notes of lute and hautboy, and all the fine raiment in church, and even in spite of champagne at the reception, weddings seem to many of us to be solemn enough. Only geese are irreverent during the actual progress of the marrying in church, and you can't well provide against the foolishness of geese.

A wedding is about the solemnest thing that is done out of court; solemnner than most funerals because riskier; so solemn that most of us can't afford to show our feelings about it, and are glad of most of the trivial things that abate its seriousness. It is a duty to make the best of weddings and try to cheer them up—not with a whoop and a yell, of course, but with such chastened gaiety as may be available. Everybody who has any mirth on deposit anywhere goes and draws it out and takes it with him to a wedding as a matter of honorable obligation.

But anyway, if there is aught amiss about weddings it is no fault of the clergy or of mankind. Weddings are what women make them; men make the best of them. Speak to the ladies, Bishop!

NOVEMBER



AT GRANDMAMA'S



ACT FIRST



AN ARCHITECTURAL EXPERT



AGUINALDO, THE ELUSIVE

Fearful!

F. Marion Crawford is writing a story entitled "In Old Madrid," which will be serialized, the first portion appearing in January, 1900.

Literary Notes.

SOMEHOW, we've never realized, Just what 'tis to be "serialized," But now the thing's materialized We hope we won't be drearIALIZED.



Three Kinds of Dialect.

THERE is no particular literary virtue in bad spelling, and yet very few books of fiction are written in straightaway

Miner's fable of "Brer Rabbit and the Goobers" would interest neither child nor grown-ups if told in plain speech. But when *Miner's* embroiders it with her delightful "nigger talk," *Brer Rabbit* reaches the dignity of a real personage. These stories by Mr. Harris show what a consummate teller of tales he is. He is as simple and straightforward in his methods as a fireside talker. He seldom seems to strive for an effect, but he makes it with ease. He never fails to get his reader into the atmosphere of his stories. While you read them you are a Southerner and look at things in his way.

IT is a long way from the Plantation to Chicago, from the mellow dialect of *Miner's* to the "Fables in Slang" (Stone) of George Ade. The slang of the streets is

One of the best of the Fables is that of the Blue Dyspeptic, who discovered that all books of fiction are a Mockery. He divided them into ten classes. Mr. Ade's book belongs to No. 3—"The Book that runs into a snarl of Dialect on the third page and never gets out."

THE dialect of Devonshire pervades "On Trial" (Scribner), a new story by Zack (the author who won recognition with her short stories in "Life Is Life.") It is a curious tale, founded on a delicate psychological motive, and yet without any fine-spun analysis in it. The hero is a coward, who tries to face a situation into which his cowardice has brought him. The tale is very simply developed—so simply that the inevitable tragedy happens as a matter of course. There is a remorseless logic in all that the strange group of characters do.

The heroine who steals to save her lover from going to India as a soldier, and buys



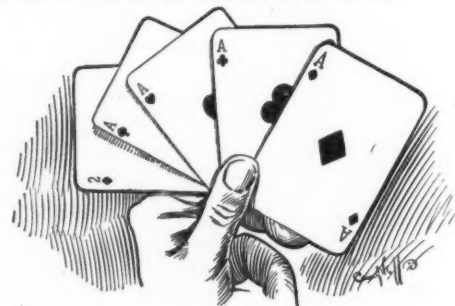
AT THE AGENCY.

He: I AM LIVING IN BACHELOR APARTMENTS, AND I WANT A GIRL WHO CAN COOK, WAIT ON THE TABLE, SEW ON BUTTONS, WHO IS WILLING, OBLIGING, NEVER OUT NIGHTS AND NOT AFRAID OF WORK.
"SURE, SOR, YOU WANT A WIFE."

English. You must get color into your characters, and when you show what they are by dialogue, you must get color into their speech. Dialect is a device, and most readers say that they detest it, but many books would be dull without it. Irish and Dutch comedians can't "do their turns" in correct English.

Imagine Joel Chandler Harris's "Plantation Pageants" (Houghton) and "Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann" (Scribner) translated into perfectly correct English! Aunt

not pretty. There is always a touch of vulgarity in its smartness, its bluster, its air of "getting the better" of the other fellow. It is expressive, and it "gets there every time"—but it is irritating. In these Fables Mr. Ade has condensed the wisdom of the smart city youth. He has done it acutely, and with admirable irony. There is a cynical air about the Fables—puncturing shams, jeering at social striving, and laughing at those who assume to be something.



"A SAFETY RAISER."



OUR ADMIRAL.

LIKE ACHILLES, HE POSSESSED ONE VULNERABLE SPOT

his discharge, is a very pathetic character. And yet there is no expression to her emotions. Restraint is the author's chief literary maxim. She always understates a crisis. The result is a story of unusual force—but absolutely without beauty, except the beauty of the heroine's courageous love.

Droch.

JAGGLES: What's the difference between grand and comic opera?

WAGGLES: In grand opera it's the women in the boxes and not on the stage who wear the shocking costumes.

IT seems that the Common Council of Boston objects to the monument which is to be set up in an old burying-ground in the Common to the British officers and soldiers who were killed at Bunker Hill. It does not appear that the consent of the Common Council to the erection of this monument was asked or is necessary. The matter is not of much importance but there is no harm

in what is proposed, and the objections have no sound basis. Was not a stone lately placed to mark the spot where General Richard Montgomery fell in an American attack on Quebec? There is a precedent for the Boston Councilmen, and what makes it more apt is that Montgomery was, by birth, an Irishman.

His Dream.

PAPA (at the breakfast table): Willie, my boy, why are you looking so thoughtful? Are you not feeling well?

WILLIE (very seriously): Yes, papa; but I had a strange dream this morning.

PAPA: Indeed? What was it?

WILLIE: I dreamed, papa, that I died and went to heaven; and when St. Peter met me at the gate, instead of showing me the way to the golden streets, as I expected, he took me out into a large field, and in the middle of the field there was a ladder reaching away up into the sky and out of sight. Then St. Peter told me that heaven was at the top, and that in order to get there I must take the big piece of chalk he gave me and slowly climb the ladder, writing on each rung some sin I had committed.

PAPA (laying down his newspaper): And did you finally reach heaven, my son?

WILLIE: No, papa, for just as I was trying to think of something to write on the second rung, I looked up into the sky and saw you coming down.

PAPA: And what was I coming down for, pray?

WILLIE: That's just what I asked you, papa, and you told me you were going for more chalk.

A Doting Parent.

WILLIE: Johnny Smith's mother is awful good to him.

JIMMY: What did she do?

"Let him have the measles the day school opened."



Jim: GREAT SCOTT, REGGY, WHAT A HAIR-CUT! YOU MUST FEEL LIKE DOG-DAYS AT ONE END AND CHRISTMAS AT THE OTHER.



AN HOUR BEFORE THE RESCUE.

"NOW THAT I MAKE HER OUT TO BE A PASSENGER SCHTRAMM, I RAISES THE PRICE OF ME PANTS TO FIFTY POUNDS, SOR."

Trolley Car Ethics.

"FOR two hours this afternoon I grieved that I was not a stenographer," Mrs. Kashmore remarked to me on the car to-day.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because I had to take the minutes of a meeting of the Women's Heart to Heart Auxilliary of the Society for the Cultivation of Psychic Charity," she replied, showing me her book of notes. "You really should join in this good work," she added.

"If the good work is proportionate to the name," I replied, "it must be marvelous. But kindly tell me how psychic charity differs from any other kind," I inquired.

Before she could reply her attention became absorbed in the enactment of a little drama opposite.

A year-old child, held at its mother's shoulder, had been alternately biting on, and tapping the window with, a bright, new silver dollar, and now the dollar had disappeared down the space between the side of the car and the back of the seat.

"I wonder if it can be got out," said Mrs. Kashmore.

I appealed to the conductor.

The conductor promptly decided that it could not, whereupon the woman, who was poorly dressed, took upon herself a look that was pitifully miserable.

"Here is an opportunity that your 'Heart to Heart Auxilliary' can embrace," I said to Mrs. Kashmore. "It is evident that the dollar is of vital importance to the poor woman," I continued.

"It is also evident that she was inexcusably careless," replied Mrs. Kashmore. "Besides," she added, "you ought to know that psychic charity has nothing to do with money."

Mr. Biff Shady (who a week ago had been pointed out to me as the political "boss of the Fifth Ward"), sitting near us, here took a dollar from his pocket and, dropping it into the woman's lap, immediately walked out of the car in an embarrassed manner.

"I wonder," said I, questioningly, "of what charity society Mr. Biff Shady is a member?"

Mrs. Kashmore refused to reply.

"It seems to be the real thing," I suggested, "even if it does cover a multitude of sins."

The silence on Mrs. Kashmore's part

became oppressive, and I was glad that the car had reached my corner.

Grace Crandall.



"ON HIS BEAM ENDS."



Despairing Artist: NOW, IF MRS. HARDY HAD A MORE CHEERFUL EXPRESSION—
The Old Man: JANE, HE WANTS YOU TO STOP THINKING ABOUT ME, THE COOK'S GOING, AND YOUR OTHER TRIALS, AND PUT YOUR MIND ON MARIA'S NEW BABY.



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THE SUP
SHALL IT BE WHAT SHE IS ACCUSTOMED



THE SUPPER.

IS HE ACCUSTOMED TO OR THE BEST HE CAN AFFORD?

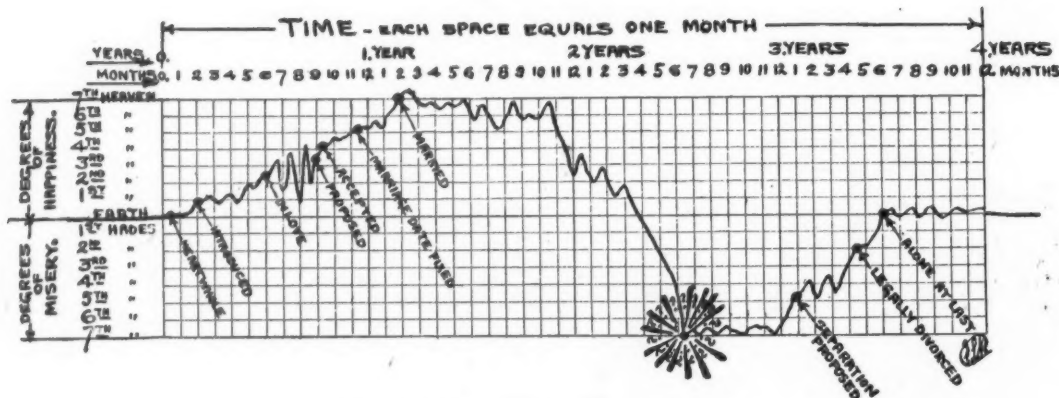


DIAGRAM OF A MODERN COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

Too Much.

SO pretty and dainty was Nan
It was sad that her studies began.
But she wished to be wise,
Perhaps even to rise
To a level with cleverer man.
She studied and labored in vain,
Till at length she was driven insane.
'Twas the awful result
Of an antepenult
On a weary one-syllable brain.

A Domestic Episode.

When he got home that night she confronted him at the door, and he gasped with horror. She was not dressed for dinner, and she had one arm in a sling. Both thumbs were done up in huge bandages. There was a towel tied around her tousled head and a cut over one of her eyes. The odor of liniment was heavy on the air.
"For heaven's sake what has happened?" he asked.

Without a word she led the way into the little drawing room. Over the cushioned couch Oriental draperies had been disposed artistically with spears and armor, forming a beautiful, cosy corner. A lamp, burning dimly, hung in the center.

"I put it up myself to-day," she said. "I had grown tired waiting for you to do it, and the decorators wanted fifty dollars."

He seated himself luxuriously among the pillows.

"How on earth did you manage it alone?" he asked, with exaggerated admiration and wonder. He knew just how it was done. He had always had to put it up himself before this.

"Oh, just a piece of lead pipe, a few tacks and a paper of pins," she said, simply yet proudly. "I only fell off the stepladder twice."

There were almost tears in his voice when he spoke. It really touched him to see her standing there bandaged like a

broken-down race horse. Besides that, no one knew how he had dreaded the task of putting it up himself.

"Ah—" he said, "when will we men realize what a priceless treasure we gain when we win the love of a true woman!"

He stretched his arms affectionately towards her, and the entire thing collapsed about his head with a crash.

Kate Masterson.

THERE is doubt in the minds of a good many well-intentioned persons in New York State whether our State Board of Charities is as efficient as it should be, and whether Controller Roberts, of Albany, who is active in cheese-paring and making outcry about mismanagement of State charities, is fit for his job. There are those who affirm that Mr. Roberts is a penny-wise person, whose economies are trivial and obstructive, and who has shown himself to be foolish in many important matters. If Mr. Roberts is misplacing his zeal, some friend ought to tell him so, and if the State Board of Charities really lacks gumption and practical sense, something ought to be done about it, for it is an important Board, with great power for good or mischief.

PRUDERY is indecent modesty.

Their Narrow Escape.

MRS. MCGORRY: Oi niver was so froightened in ahl me loife! Sure, dhe car-r-r missed me be less than six inches!

McGORRY: Av yez hod gone a step farther dhe children wud hov hod a step-mother.

The Way of the Schemer.

DE FAQUE: If I could get some one to invest a thousand in that scheme of mine, I could make some money.

CRAWFORD: How much could you make?

"Why, a thousand."



The Lady Bug: DRAT IT! OF COURSE IT'S GOT TO RAIN EVERY WASHING DAY!



THE RUSSELL SAGE BUSINESS SUIT FOR SPENDTHRIFTS.



THE ANTHONY COMSTOCK UNDRESS COSTUME FOR THE STUDIO.

Ballade of Necessity.

NO more I tune the oft-strummed lyre
To praise whatever gods may be,
No more I beg celestial fire
From Clio or Calliope,
Nor Thalia or Terpsichore;
My rhyme through rhapsody hath lead,
I hymn a new divinity,
I serve the muse of daily bread.

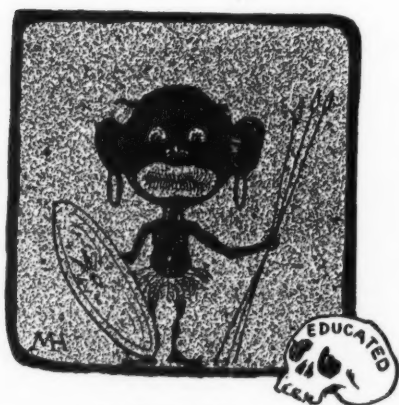
For her I plan, devise, aspire,
Stern-visaged female, only she
Drives on the pen that dare not tire
To do her bidding constantly.
Goddess of breakfast, dinner, ten,
Spur on the weary hand and head,
With empty purse inspire me.
I serve the muse of daily bread.

Nor name nor fame is my desire,
I give but hired minstrelsy,
And harping in the mud and mire
Twang on for the expected fee.
Hear thou my prayer, heed thou my plea,
Goddess, this day may I be fed,
Send manna down in currency.
I serve the muse of daily bread.

L'ENVOI.

Ye dainty muses three times three,
Your love I crave, your anger dread,
Still — pity my necessity,
I serve the muse of daily bread.
Theodosia Pickering Garrison.

“**W**E keep three servant girls,” said
Mr. Newly-wed. “One coming,
one going, and one here.”



THE COMING VOTER.



"A MONKEY WRENCH."

Renunciation.

I MET you in the Summer tide,
A Harvard Senior then.
On every side the doors flew wide
To me, a king of men.
I haunt no more the Newport shore,
'Tis Coney's Isle I seek,
Ah, Clementine, what fate is mine,
On twenty-five a week!

You saw me sweep Yale's football field,
Spurred by the bleacher's roar.
Now unobserved, without a word,
I sweep an office floor.
My voice was great in each debate,
I'm queered now if I speak.
Ah, Clementine, can genius shine
On twenty-five a week?

I pass you on the Avenue,
You drive with stately air,
I fear you'd mock to know I walk
To save a five-cent fare.
Such flowers you bear, such gowns you wear,
I leave you—not in pique.
Fate draws the line, you can't be mine
On twenty-five a week! E. B. R.

"DID Biker die a natural death?"
"Yes; he was thrown from his
bicycle."

**All in the Same Box.**

IT is only just to our cousins to bear in mind that it was not the whole English people who brought this war against the Boers. A large proportion of Englishmen, and mainly of the better class, are strongly opposed to the whole business. The more thoughtful, disinterested and fair-minded of them look upon it with the same feelings of regret and mortification as those enjoyed by the corresponding class in America regarding our own lamentable squabble with the Filipinos.

In neither war is there a ray of glory for either of us.

The Latest Thing in Dedications.

TO THOMAS GOVERNMENTBOND:

DEAR THOMAS—Into the warp and woof of every book an author weaves much that the vulgar public cannot discern. So, immensely-rich-and-ever-beloved Thomas, as I have read the proofs of this book (the greatest American novel ever written) I have found more than once that the pages have faded out of sight, and in their stead I have seen the ocean and Bellevue Avenue, or the ramp (that's a good word, Thomas!) and terrace of Bondmore House, just as I saw them when I had the honor of penning this book with your gold pen upon your carved mahogany desk. With the visions, too, of the day when I was a humble inmate of your princely mansion, has come a recurrence of our long talks over the Chateau Yquem, our work among the priceless first editions of your library, our cups of tea from your royal Sèvres service, our games of chess with the carved ivory chessmen, and our drives in your new and luxuriously upholstered automobile.

It will, therefore, ever be a source of joy and gratification to me that my name may go down to posterity linked with yours, and that I am assured by writing this dedication that the palatial doors of Bondmore House will ever be open to

Yours devotedly,

PETER L. SNOB.

A. N. M.



"IN THE SPRING OF '98 MY HAIR DEPARTED SUDDENLY FROM THE SCALP."



I LOOKED INTO YOUR MUCH ADVERTISED LOTION, AND THE



RESULT WAS THAT MY HAIR RETURNED ALMOST AS GOOD AS NEW."



LIFE presents herewith a number of quotations excerpted from letters received at this office during one week. The lack of unanimity will doubtless suggest that there has been no preconcerted action on the part of LIFE's correspondents. This, however, but adds to their charm, and not only to LIFE's friends, but as well as to his critics, they may be found of interest:

"I am not in accord with the teachings of LIFE of late. In my mind they are un-American to the extent of being treasonable. They have a tendency to shake confidence, without which there can be no continuing prosperity."

"We gloat over you every week, and have no more prescient political guide than you, LIFE."

"It seems to me that everyone ought to read LIFE. I could easily select a dozen different features of your paper, each of which is well worth the subscription price. This, added to the evident honesty of purpose and fearlessness in the right, makes it an absolute necessity to those who have once made its acquaintance."

"I do not care to have a paper in my house that is in favor of hauling down the flag."

"Your pictures and views on the Philippine question are the *sau-est* I see and a weekly joy."

"I would sooner go without oatmeal and cream and even my morning coffee than miss the fun and vigor that LIFE imparts."

"If you really want to make a hit you might substitute a little wit and humor (see *Punch*) for your animal-cracker pictures, and let up on the Uncle-Sam-murdering-the-heroic-Filipino-patriot-game."

"The humor of Thackeray, which is always kindly, and the wit that is always decent, and, best of all, a sane and wholesome ground of view."

"I am more than pleased with your position on all questions, especially the Philippine question. I wish half the sermons preached were equal to your editorials."

"In addition to your political cartoons and comments, pictures and items have appeared which are sufficient to disgust anybody with the least scrap of decency or common sense."

"People who do not read LIFE do not know what they miss. It is a source of constant amusement and delight."

"It would do this town good if you could introduce LIFE more widely here, and I'd like to see it done."

Razor Versus Fatigue.

CRAWLEY: Dear me! though I've seven of the finest razors, still they all somehow manage to become tired.

STRAWLY: That's simple enough, old fellow; almost anything that came in contact with your indomitable cheek would get tired.



"What lovely fawns those eastern people acquiesce from their habit of carrying things on their head."



I wondah if I couldn't improve my gwacefulness by the same method."



The Mother's Lament.

WHAT would Rudyard and Roosevelt say if they knew about my boy? When he comes home at night there's no sign of a fight to fill my heart with joy.

His nose is not smashed, his cheek is not gashed, and his eyes are not black and blue,

And it fills me with dread when I think what I've read from those Strenuous, Stalky Two!

O Kipling and Teddy! why doesn't he heed to the precepts laid down by you? Why doesn't he glare, why doesn't he swear, as a youngster of pluck would do?

My heart is still when I ask for the kill and he hasn't a thing to show, For I know that fame and an honored name can never be his below.

Louise Brewsters King.

MAN AT THE FISH-MARKET: The mackerel are running very small this season, ma'am.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER: I suppose it's on account of the dry weather.



"NO, MY DEAR, I DON'T LIKE YOUR NEW COAT. THE MATERIAL SEEMS STRONG, BUT I'M SURE IT WILL LOOK RUSTY IN A SHORT TIME."



THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

From Krugersdorp to Lichtenberg,
And back to Potchefstroom ;
From Swaziland to Pietersburg
Is heard the burgher drum ;
From Wakkerstrum to Ermelo,
From Hoopstad to Dundee,
They're marching down to Rustenburg,
And up from Kimberlee.
From Heidelberg, and Lydenburg,
Johannesburg and all,
From Standerton and Barbeton
They answer to the call,
And Ermelo is all agog,
And Ventersdorp is wuss ;
And latest news from Haetnertsburg
All indicates a fuss.

— *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

How truly and pathetically unfortunate is the small republic with a large gold mine !— *St. Paul Globe.*

THE faculty of terse and forceful speech is ordinarily an advantage, but occasionally a man gets hoisted by his own epigram. A hustling young New Yorker, who was recently established in a branch of the oil business, had set out to get the patronage of a certain firm. The head of the concern was reluctant to make a change.

"The oil we have been getting has not been unsatisfactory," said he, "and I fail to see why we should make a change. Are there any extra inducements you can offer? How do you propose to improve on the old quality?"

"In this way," was the prompt answer. "I propose to give the business my personal attention. I intend to put

some of my brains into every barrel of oil we send out." The rejoinder pleased the old gentleman, and he became a customer.

A few months later the hustling young man was obliged to make a journey, and in his absence, through some oversight, the quality of oil was allowed to deteriorate. It was quickly noted, and a letter now on file in the office records one of the protests. It reads :

"Gentlemen : When we were induced to use your product we were assured that Mr. Blank put some of his brains into every barrel of oil. We deeply regret to observe that Mr. Blank is threatened with paresis."— *Washington Star.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT (*pointing a moral*) : Yes, scholars, the great thing is to know one's duty, and then do it. Admiral Dewey knew his duty when he entered Manila Bay and saw the Spanish ships, and the world has seen how nobly he performed it. Now, children, what is our duty in this bright holiday season? How may we emulate the great Admiral? What should we do when we see about us the poor, the sick and the suffering?

SMALL BOY CLASS (*in concert*) : Lick 'em !

— *Harper's Bazar.*

TO-DAY I discovered that my favorite cherry tree had been cut down.

"Clifford," said I to my son, "who did this?"

"I cannot tell a lie," said Clifford. "I hired another boy to do the chopping, but I bossed the job!"

"Bless you, my boy!" said I. "The other boy will be President of the United States, all right, but you will be chairman of the National Committee!"

Here I shook Clifford by the hand, cordially, for I was much rejoiced.— *Detroit Journal.*



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"It's a shame, that's what it is!" exclaimed the boy, wrathfully. "I can't have any fun at all."

"What's the matter?" asked the sympathetic neighbor.

"Dad says he'll lick me if he ever hears of me fighting with a boy smaller than I am, an' I dassn't fight with a bigger one."— *Chicago Evening Post.*

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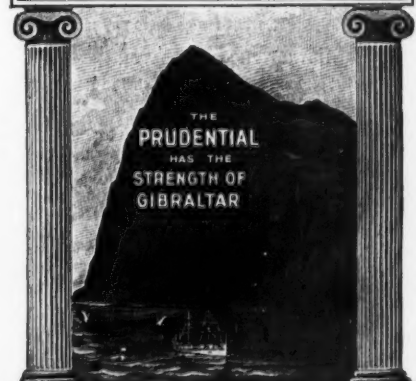
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• LIFE •

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No portion of the South is more charming during the season preceding, and during the holidays, than the "Land of the Sky," of which Asheville is the social centre. This wonderfully beautiful resort has two superb modern hotels, the Battery Park and the Kenilworth Inn, open all the year. The region round about is magnificent from a scenic point of view, there being forty-three mountains higher than Mt. Washington. Tourists to and from Florida may take in the "Land of the Sky" as a side trip at small additional cost.

There has recently been issued a beautifully illustrated booklet entitled "The Land of the Sky," which will be sent upon application to A. S. Thweatt, E. P. A., Southern Railway, 271 Broadway, New York.

A NOTED surgeon of London, who was called to attend the Queen just at his lecture hour at one of the large colleges, had written upon the bulletin board, "Dr. — will not lecture to-day. Gone to attend the Queen." Some miscreant wrote underneath the message, "God save the Queen."

—Medical Dial.

FAIR LADY.

If you have any doubt as to the value of telephone service in your own house ask the New York Telephone Company, by mail or telephone, for a copy of "A Modern Convert." After reading it you will be another. Perhaps you were not aware that telephone service for a year may now be had in New York for the price of a modest tailor made gown.

"ARE you married?" asked a magistrate in the Dublin police court of a man charged with committing an assault on another man.

"No, your worship," replied the man in the dock.

"That's a good thing for your wife," said the magistrate.

—The Green Bag.

HEALTH GIVING

Qualities to infants are contained in every can of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. "It saved the baby's life" is the message received from thousands of mothers. Eagle stands first.

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"That is nice, dear."

"And—and—papa, I want ten cents to pay my salary."

—Puck.

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ONE of the leaders of the Greenacre Chautauqua in Maine is Dr. Lewis N. James. At the recent summer session there were lecturers numberless from all over the world. Meeting a friend, the doctor asked him how he was enjoying himself.

"Finely, up to yesterday, when I heard Professor X."

"Didn't he lecture well?"

"Not at all; he simply told us what he didn't know."

"Is he still talking?" queried the doctor as he walked away.—Argonaut.

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A GOOD joke, which Congressman John Allen is supposed to have sprung on himself during the recent Mississippi Senatorial campaign, is now going the rounds. He is reported to have been telling about a visit to his old home, where he met one of the old family servants.

"Lawdy, Mars' John, I'se glad to see ye," said one old negress; "an' so glad to know dat you'se still got yer same old posshun."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Allen.

"Why, runnin' fur office, o' cose."—Memphis Scimitar.

HOTEL THORNDIKE, BOSTON, opp. the Public Gardens.

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TEACHER: Try to remember this; Milton, the poet, was blind. Do you think you can remember it?

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"Now, what was Milton's great misfortune?"

"He was a poet."—Ohio State Journal.

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